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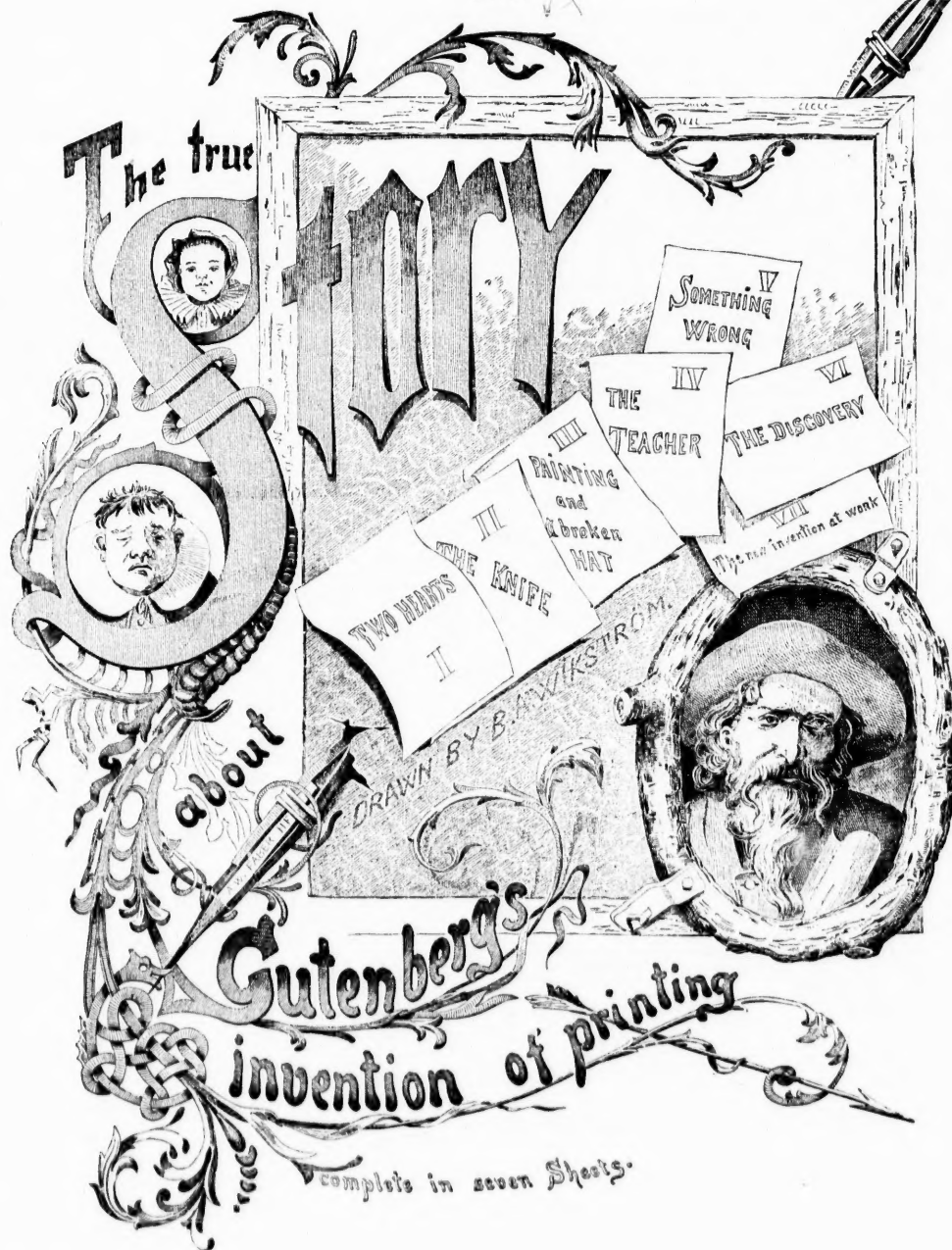
FOR REFERENCE

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Adult

Sai

NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THE ROOM
36509



Yonge Friedrich Fust was a blythesome boy,

And Bertha von Schmidt his cheefest joy,

For she was fayre and gentil and trewe;

And on summer eves full oft they sat

Prattling lowe together of thys and that,

As fond lovers han alwaies ben wont to doe.



On benche where they used to sitte, one day,
Poor Friedrich to give his feelings plaie,
Graved in lettres large bothe **F** and **B**;
And twixte these lettres graved he an harte
Peerced through and throughe with an arrowe darte,
As in pictured hartes ye schal often see.



And now that hys kerving brighte shold bee,

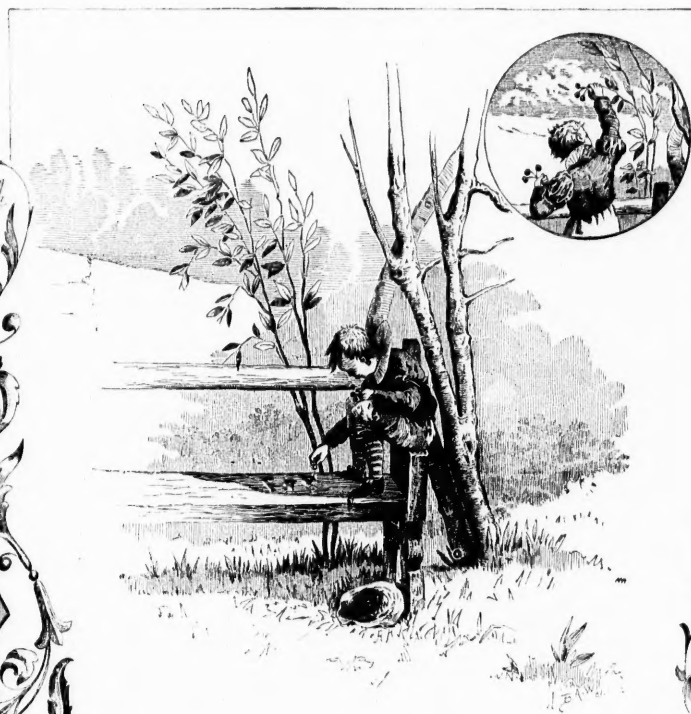
He fruites hath taen fro ane cherrie tree

That grewe therby, and hir color expreste,

Wherwith all his werke he then dyd staine,

That it might be seene righte redde and plaine

How hys love for Bertha here stode confeste.



Und drops color in.

ENTERED BY MAIL MAY 10 1894

Now scarce hadde he don whan he was ware
Of Herr Gutenberg, his teacher there

Straying alone, while his besy braine teemed
With thoghtes of that arte, still unrevealed,
Whiche wher Friedrich satte now lay concealed

In processe whereof never yet hadde he dreamed.



Cutenberg, his teacher came.

REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL

This teacher straightway in Frisian exile
For an idle knife: ye blade art able

Stood still on his seat, till he saw a blow
He soon sprang, shot backward, and flung
On a paper needle down where he sat,
By Gutenberg wrought, which he lay upon below.



HE CATASTROPHE!

Frederich quik upress from offe that grounnde,
But Gutenberg stood as one astonnde,
Gazinge with fixt eyen on these letters red
And pierced herte,—far to light was broughte
That wote he hadde long alle in vaine ysought,
Which thys herte here gat withoute troubling his hed.



Of jalousie then fulle and eke of joye,
Herr Gutenberg dyd seize and carrie off the boy,
Thys secrets for to garde and this forme emploie
In estamping impressures fulle many a one;

For his herte itt was now harde as is ony stone,
Soe might he but worke out this aventure alone.
And the poore Friedrich cryed and strogled amain,
And Bertha sweete wept sore, yet it was alle in vaine,
Till ye processe itt was proven be both trew and sounde:
And thus was ye grate art of alle artes yfounde.

"Res explicita est."

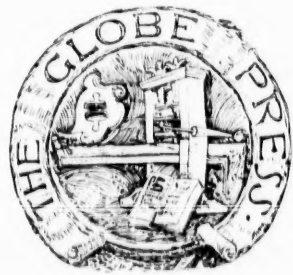
W. P. D.

Saint John, N. B.

January 1st, 1893.



the new invention.





Ye Carrier.

